



**SAYS  
THE EDITOR**

**HOW DOES FERRANTE LIKE  
PEOPLE WHO DO THINGS  
AS THESE PEOPLE DO?**

As everybody knows, the move of the triumvirate on the city council in naming "temporarily" the firm of Hudson, Martin and Ferrante of Monterey legal advisors to the city of Carmel is merely a step toward the appointment of Peter Ferrante as city attorney. We trust his appointment will come by way of ethical channels, honorably tendered, so to speak, and out in the open for all to see. We know by what method the Triumvirate removes, or tries to remove city attorneys. Assuming Ferrante is a champion of his profession and his brother practitioners, we wonder how he'll like working with men who resort to such a method. We would suggest that whenever departing the presence of those three he walk backwards.

**CARMEL NOT MUCH EXCITED  
ABOUT NEW PROSPECTS  
FOR POST OFFICE**

Carmel doesn't manifest much excitement over the news that a Congressional committee has recommended favorably an appropriation bill which carries the item: "Carmel Federal Building, \$124,000."

Along the rialto we are unable to discover much enthusiasm by inquiring as to reactions. It would appear that favorable recommendation from a committee shoves the possibilities of Congressional acceptance up a few rungs, but no one seems to get worked up about it. As to the possible location of this yet-ethereal edifice we still stick to our suggestion that it go on the Murphy property running through the block between ocean avenue and Seventh street and San Carlos and Mission, but we are told that Mike wouldn't sell it for any amount within reach of a debt-ridden government—that is, and leave anything over for construction of the building. Mike hasn't told us whether he would or not and we weren't able to find out from him by press time.

Those from whom we could get an expression of opinion want the new building to go where the Lynn Hodges stables are at Junipero and Ocean, but their reasons for selecting this site appear to be only that they want to get rid of the stables.

However, if the town isn't interested, we certainly refuse to work ourselves up into a lather about it.

**DON'T LET PADLOCK STOP  
YOU; YOU MAY PLAY  
TENNIS IN MORNING**

Despite the padlock on the gate it is possible to use the municipal tennis courts in Carmel Woods during the morning hours.

They are locked, not because the city wants to prevent your use of them, but to protect city property for which you, eventually, must pay.

It is like this, as Corum Jackson, chairman of the Park and Playground Commission, quite clearly explains:

The city has no money with which to employ an all-day caretaker. The services of a WPA man are available only in the afternoon from 2 to 6 o'clock. He is there to see that rules regarding tennis courts are obeyed, rules, for instance, such as prohibiting heavy-

(Continued on Page Two)

# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 • No. 8

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • AUGUST 20, 1937

5 CENTS

## CITIZENS AWAIT ANSWERS FROM COUNCILMEN IN RECALL

Status of the recall situation is this, as far as it has been granted us to know:

The citizens' committee which inaugurated the movement now awaits the statements, if there are to be any, from Mayor Everett Smith, and Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joseph A. Burge, in answer to the statement published last week accompanying the legal notice of intention to hold a recall election.

It is understood that these "answers" from the three men, at whom the recall is aimed, must be made within 12 days from the time of the legal notice of the recall. This places the limit at next Wednesday.

They are not compelled to make any answer, but they must do so within this time in order that the statements may be included on the ballot.

In answer to a query by THE CYMBAL this week, Councilman Burge said:

"We have discussed the matter, but have come to no definite decision. If we decide to make a statement, it will not be ready for the public until next week."

Whether or not the three make a statement, or statements, the citizens' committee will start circulating recall election petitions on September 3, which is 21 days from the date legal notice was served on the three councilmen. It is estimated that about 250 names (25 per cent of the voters at the last municipal elections) will be necessary. It is definitely assured that many more than these will be obtainable.

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## CITY TAX TO BE SET SEPT. 1

In all probability it will be Wednesday night, September 1, when you taxpayers will know your fate as to the cost of running this city for the next fiscal year.

The new tax rate ordinance must have final passage, according to law, by September 8, and such final passage is not possible until five days after its first reading. It is not thought probable that the council will be ready for the ordinance this next Wednesday night. In fact, it is going to be busy gathering some data on the necessary municipal budget at this next week's meeting. The Park and Playground commission, for instance, will set forth its case next Wednesday night, and, too, there is the Carmel Development Company to hear from in the matter of reducing the rent on the city hall quarters.

The chances are that the taxpayers will pay more into the city the next fiscal year. The assessments have gone up and even if the present rate, \$1.11, is kept, the return to the city will be greater.

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## BARNEY BRACISCO PRESENTS MISS JUNE DOLORES

Barney Bracisco announces that her name is June Dolores and that she was a day old on the night of August 14 which makes her six, as measured by high noons, as this week's CYMBAL appears. She weighed 5 pounds and 12½ ounces when she first started to cry and her mother is doing nicely, thank you.

## EWIG STYMIED IN CITY HALL MOVE TO HIS BUILDING

Ed Ewig isn't going to get the city hall up into the second floor of his post office building without a battle with the Carmel Development company, present landlords of the municipality's regal offices and council chamber.

This was evident at Wednesday night's meeting of the council when a communication was read from the development company offering to meet "substantially" the rental figures proposed by Ewig if the city would move into his quarters.

"Although we consider that the rental now paid" by the city "is most reasonable," read the communication, "we are willing to reduce the rental to meet substantially" the offer of Mr. Ewig.

Miss Clara Kellogg looked about her, at the dingy walls, the dark, depressing brown of the window-trimmings and sighed.

"But if something could only be done with this," she said. "It is so depressing; it lacks dignity. That hallway, these walls..."

Then the question came up as to whether or not the city had ever asked the Carmel Development company to make any improvements in the present structure. It developed that it had not. Whereupon Thomas Morgan, who designed the building in the first place, and still has a deep interest in it, informed the council that the landlords, he was sure, would do anything the city wanted within reason to make the place more desirable as headquarters of the municipal government. Before Morgan got through telling what would be done for the asking, one got the impression that walls of alabaster would shortly echo the soft, sometimes almost inaudible mutterings of legislation.

Anyway, Ewig is on the spot now. It's his move. We would suggest that he offer a diamond-studded gavel, a little gold leaf here and there and a couple of marble slabs for the walls, on which may be engraved the names of present and future council members. That might get 'em.

The council is meeting with someone from the Carmel Development company next Wednesday night to discuss improvements in the present quarters.

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## Park Board Puts Hefty Proposals Up To Council

Our Park and Playground Commission is on its toes, too much so to suit our city council which has, for a change, begun to think about the expenditure of the taxpayers' money.

At Wednesday night's meeting of the council the park commission not only presented a budget that called for an expenditure of \$5,044 for the payment of salaries and general maintenance of city parks, playgrounds and beach, but it also recommended most strenuously an immediate outlay of \$1525 to make necessary improvements in the tennis courts in Carmel Woods.

It went even further than this. (Continued on Page Ten)

# Ooh, Lookit! We Have Three City Attorneys Now

Lookit!

We've got three city attorneys now.

William Luis Hudson.

Carmel Martin.

Peter J. Ferrante.

Ain't that swell?

What do you suppose that galaxy of legal talent is going to cost us? You'll never believe it!

Mayor Everett Smith says we can get 'em for \$75 a month! He says they told him that. He says they told him that \$75 a month was all they would charge providing the volume of legal talent we required was "reasonable" in any given month.

Mayor Smith didn't say what definition Messrs. Hudson, Martin and Ferrante used for the word "reasonable," but the city council Wednesday night appeared to be satisfied with his explanation and voted a unanimous "aye" on a resolution appointing Mr. Hudson, Mr. Martin and Mr. Ferrante legal advisors to the city of Carmel. Miss Kellogg asked if the council would have the benefit of some part of this legal array, say a third of it, at council meetings. The mayor said it would.

So we'll have Mr. Hudson one council night, Mr. Martin the next, and Mr. Ferrante the next. Or maybe they'll come in alphabetical order: Ferrante, Hudson and Martin. Or maybe in the order of their

legal experience, and we wouldn't know about that.

Now, as to the \$75 a month. Three into 75 goes 25 times. That means that Mr. Hudson will get \$25 a month, Mr. Martin, \$25, and Mr. Ferrante, \$25.

But, suppose some months the council asks an "unreasonable" amount of legal advice. Suppose, for instance, it's "unreasonable" to the sum total of, say, \$82. Three into 82 goes—O! O! that's a bad one. Three into 82 goes 27 times with a dollar hanging out on a limb. There'll be trouble there. You can't even get three into a dollar and have it come out even. They might toss up the dollar and the odd man take it.

But—another thing occurs to us—does the office overhead, gasoline over the hill, stationery, etc., come out of the gross, or—?

The only way we can figure it is that Hudson, Martin and Ferrante are gypping themselves, and somehow we can't figure Hudson, Martin and Ferrante gypping themselves.

If it isn't that, it's like, well, Charlie Berkey selling peanuts after banking hours.

And where, Oh where, is George Ross? Is the \$125 he got for legal opinions the past month all he's going to get? That doesn't seem fair to a local boy.

## They Wanted That Audit Opinion Bad; What Have They Done About It?

Oh, so you want to know about the audit?

Well, children, we just can't tell you anything about the audit. Maybe we shouldn't tell you anything about the audit. Maybe the audit's dead. Maybe we shouldn't even whisper about it. Maybe it was all wrong and Saidee Van Brower beat it on all 46 points. Maybe she doesn't owe the city \$2600 more or less. Goodness, we don't know.

Does anybody know?

Well, we wouldn't know that either. Perhaps God does, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Rowntree. It might be possible even that Mr. Burge knows.

Yes, we were at the council meeting Wednesday night. No, there was nothing said about the audit. The word "audit," if our memory and note book serve us, wasn't used once during the evening.

Maybe, the council hasn't got a legal opinion on which to act?

Well, that may—No, that won't do. We distinctly remember something about Mr. Smith, Mr. Burge and Mr. Rowntree being very angry with a man named Campbell, Argyll Campbell, we think it is, because he hadn't given them an opinion on that audit soon enough, or something. They were just so hot to act quick, you remember. They got so mad at him, if you remember, they forgot they were gentlemen, and they sent a nasty telegram to him while he was away on a leave of absence.

And—yes—they did get an opinion from him, an opinion he said was sufficient for them to act on—and if he said so we believe it's so, because quite a number of people have told us he is the best municipal attorney in the state. Then, there's another man named Ross, George Ross, and he gave them a dandy opinion, all written out, nice and long. That was three weeks ago.

So, they have had for three weeks—a month, in fact—an opinion which says that Miss Van Brower is responsible to the city for the items listed in the audit, totaling \$2600 and something.

Yes, we know. We don't understand it, either. They did a man a dirty trick because they didn't get his opinion on that audit a month ago—quick, so they could act. That is, that's what they said.

AND THEY HAVEN'T ACTED YET!

Yes, we think it's funny, too. But we mustn't laugh. Those three men are so serious about their work—especially Mr. Rowntree.

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## DR. GARDNER OF PALO ALTO TO PREACH AT ALL SAINTS

The Rev. Charles D. Gardner, D.D., chaplain emeritus of Stanford University, will be the guest preacher at All Saints Church this coming Sunday. The morning service will begin promptly at 11 o'clock. There will be no children's Church School.



soled shoes on them, thus ruining the surface; rules providing that nothing but tennis be played on them, thus ensuring their long life for their specific purpose.

There are children—it is possible that some of them may be related to you—who do not understand very well about such necessary precautions. There are children who, without premeditation, injure things irreparably, or reparable only at considerable cost. Such things as expensive tennis courts, for instance.

But children, adults, young, youthful, middle-aged, old or aged, you are perfectly welcome to use the tennis courts in the morning if you will drop in at the Carmel Realty Company's office on Ocean Avenue and ask for the key—that is, if you have a pair of tennis shoes on your feet or hanging around your neck and if you don't have the appearance of a professional wrecker—in a word, if you can somehow establish as genuine your intention to play tennis.

#### A FEW MORE OR LESS WELL CHOSEN WORDS ABOUT A SENATOR AND A TAXPAYER

Surprising as it may seem to you, we have a quarrel this week with only two persons—Mr. Senator Tickle and Mr. Kent Clark. The subject matter of our adverse criticism is different, but Messrs. Tickle and Clark have one thing in common—they are both wrong.

As for Senator Tickle he is wrong, dead wrong, about the results we are receiving and, according to him, are due to receive through the fact of the opening and operation of the so-called Carmel-San Simeon Highway. Senator Tickle says that these results so far have been good. We say that these results so far have been bad.

We said some months ago that the Coast Road would be the ruin of Carmel. We are somewhat shocked to realize how soon we would be proved to be right. Substantiation of our contention came, in fact, within a week after the road was opened to the public. It has been piling up in volume ever since.

The Coast road has been not only bringing into Carmel people we don't want and are not interested in, but it has driven out of Carmel this summer people we have always wanted and have always been interested in.

Take it from the commercial standpoint, if you will. One of our merchants, a food merchant, by the way, said only Monday at 3 p.m. of this very same week: "We are not doing the business we did last summer although we have more customers. We are getting very short transients, as against all-summer visitors. We are selling them beer instead of champagne, so to speak—that is, they are buying pea-sized olives in bulk, instead of the walnut-size in bottles."

See the point. If you don't see the point in this, watch it on Ocean Avenue. Those who traverse it this summer are the pea-sized olive variety, instead of the walnut-size in bottles.

See it yet? All right, let's ask the real estate dealers. Here's the statement of two of them in a composite form:

"The big houses are not renting this year as they have in the past. Carmel families, accustomed to go away for the summer, have never before had trouble in renting their homes to the kind of people who could and did pay as high as \$200 and \$300 a month for them. This year most of these homes are vacant. The people who previously came to rent them are not coming this year. Some of them have come

and looked around and they don't like the way things look. But we are renting small houses, for a night, or for three or four nights, or a week."

And this from a small store owner:

"It's never happened before, but this summer I have had a dozen or more people come into my place and beg for food. And they were nasty about it if you refuse them. One fellow told me he was a 'tourist' from Oklahoma and he wanted me to help him on his way."

There you are, Mr. Senator Tickle. Your Coast road, your "secondary" highway is ruining Carmel and you can talk to our merchants for untold hours and even then you cannot impress with your prosperity claims.

You and your road have made of Carmel a railroad stop-over and you have doomed it to that fate forever more. The big-olive eaters shun us now; the pea-olive chewers have us by the throat.

Turning to Mr. Kent Clark.

In a letter to, and published in the Peninsula Herald this week, Mr. Clark made statements, and set down figures that bely his status as the abiding Taxpayer of Carmel. "Kent Clark" and "Taxpayer" have long been synonymous terms in Carmel. But by writing a letter such as appeared in the Herald this week he is certainly endangering his professional standing.

In the first place, we consider it quite unethical of Mr. Clark to use only a paragraph from somebody else's letter as a basis for an argument which, when summed up, is diametrically opposed to the principles, in this case, at least, of the person who wrote the letter. In other words, Mr. Clark did Thelma Miller an injustice when he quoted only that one paragraph, leading readers, as it did, to get an entirely wrong slant on her stand in the matter of the recall.

As far as the stand of Mr. Clark, himself, is concerned, we are not surprised. It is characteristic of Mr. Clark to oppose things when opposition gives him greater opportunity for personal prominence than support of such things would give him. If there were a general trend opposing the recall of three councilmen right now, it is safe to predict that Mr. Clark would seek the lone wolf place in the sun that support of the recall would give him.

There is, of course, no moral turpitude involved in this sort of thing. You can't put a man in jail for liking to get himself into the limelight. In fact, lots of good men do it. Lots of men who, on occasion, are dead right, do it. It is a natural corollary of such a desire, however, that more often they are wrong.

As a Taxpayer with a capital 'T' Mr. Clark is, as we have said, jeopardizing his professional standing in his careless handling of figures, and his deliberate, but not blind, ignoring of others. When he informs his readers that the recall election, or elections, if the first is successful, will cost the taxpayers in excess of \$660, he is extremely careless. He is basing this estimate on the figures for the last city election. If he would stop and think, and we have a sneaking feeling he did stop and think, but ignored the result of his thoughts, the recall election will not cost what the last municipal election cost.

In the first place, there will not be, by less than half, as many names on the recall ballot. The ballots, if the city permits a local printer to provide them, will cost very little indeed. The time required for counting simple ballots of this sort will be so much shorter than last year that it should not, and proba-

bly would not require nearly as much stipend for the precinct officials. And, as we understand it, there can, in this case, be a minimum of election officials present in a precinct, again lessening the cost.

It is also probable that the expense of election quarters could be dispensed with, either through the offer of an ardent recall proponent, who would be a gracious landlord, or an ardent re-caller who would be as gracious and, perhaps, as confident.

It has been estimated that the two elections would not cost the city more than \$200 each, or \$400 for the two.

This is a considerable sum in itself, we will admit, but we would like to ask Mr. Clark, who was present at that Wednesday night's meeting, if he, down in his heart, would not be willing to pay his taxpayer's share of that \$400 for the personal satisfaction of knowing that he had helped to rid Carmel of three men who showed so conclusively at that meeting what their intentions are in the conduct of Carmel's municipal affairs.

But, let's take it on an economic basis. That, if we have understood Mr. Clark aright in the past, should be right down his alley. Isn't it probable that if we deduct that \$400 from the gross saving the city would realize through cutting about five months off the terms of two of those councilmen, and two years and three months off the term of the third, we would find ourselves with a net?

Hasn't Mr. Clark been convinced by the method and extent of expenditures already engineered by these three members of the council over a period of the past 16 months that in another period of five they can, and probably will, eat up more than this fearful total of approximately \$400?

But on the important principle of democratic government, Mr. Clark should, having attended that fateful Wednesday night's meeting, take an opposite stand to the one he has chosen to take. He was there and saw and heard what everybody else in that room saw and heard. Does Mr. Clark, the abiding Taxpayer of Carmel, like being told that he has no right to question the acts of his representatives in the city council? Does he like the attitude displayed by Smith, Rowntree and Burge in virtually sneering at an audience of which he was a part and, we might say, an important part? Does he desire that even for seven months longer, these three men shall continue these tactics, these methods, this attitude? Does he feel that he wants to ignore such repudiation of ordinary legislative ethics, even to the extent of this "well, let's let them alone until the end of their terms and then settle them"?

As for "purely private grudges," the phrase used by Mrs. Miller and fastened onto by Mr. Clark, THE CYMBAL feels that this is a pretty tough charge to level against those who are today working in the interests of the recall movement. As far as we are concerned, and this goes double for the editor of this paper, there are no "purely private grudges" involved. If you pick out the one man against whom it might be considered normal and natural for us to have a grudge, we would remark that we consider Joe Burge the least dangerous of the three slated for recall. He is that type of man whose bark is a lot louder and noisier than his bite and, personally, we would add, a lot harder than his punch. He is the type of man who is easily led and having been led, is easily fooled into thinking that he has done the leading. Two men, less mistaken in their intentions than Smith, and less arro-

gant and egoistic than Rowntree, could make Burge do their bidding, which might be good, as easy as Smith and Rowntree now get him to do their bidding, which is bad.

Though Mr. Clark has stepped up to a point where the crowd can better see him by this outburst against the recall, he is nevertheless serving his personal ends to a greater extent than those whom he charges with this human frailty.

We choose to think that although he may bask in the sunshine of a certain prominence through the campaign to come, he will injure the cause little, contribute little to any campaign which may be waged against the recall. We feel that the people of Carmel have come to know Mr. Clark too well for him to fool them—much.

—W. K. B.

#### ST. JAMES PLAYERS GO FROM AMONG US

Early Thursday morning the members of the St. James Repertory Company will start their trek to San Diego. Cars loaded with costumes, props, bags and baggage will take this very nice group of young actors and actresses, their director, Charles McCarthy, and manager, Mary Ledingham, to the south. The group has sent Peter Lundberg east as an advance agent to find out what looks like the best camping spot for the fall and winter season. Kendall Power has promised to postcard us the next move. We wish them the best of luck.

John Straker of Oxford University has joined the faculty of the Douglas Schools at Pebble Beach. The Schools will open September 15. Plans are being made for all sorts of sports as well as a fine scholastic program. There will be classes in tennis, archery, rifle,

golf, riding, polo, swimming and fencing.

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## Elephant Boy To Come Back To Filmarte

Sabu, "The Elephant Boy," and Koomai, his beautiful elephant, are coming again to the Filmarte. Starting Sunday this fine story will run for five days at the theater which is located on Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth.

Those of you who saw the picture, which is taken from the Rudyard Kipling story "Toomai of the Elephants," need no encouragement in seeing this picture again or in telling others about it. Directed by Robert Flaherty and produced by Alexander Korda, the film has high spots which we will never forget. The beautiful shots of Sabu walking beside his father's great elephant as they come before the white hunter, the mad dance of the wild elephants in the forest, the sorrowing of the big pachyderm over the death of his master and young Sabu's restrained grief, and the great finale of Sabu, hailed by the other native hunters and the white sahib as a "great hunter" with the elephants trumpeting their approval, still thrill us. One of the few pictures which will satisfy and thrill all members of the family, it should attract the same capacity houses that it had in its previous run here. The houses could not be greater because they were sellouts before. We thank Dick Bare for bringing this picture to us again.

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### ALL SAINTS GUILD PLANS FOR CARD PARTY

The Guild of All Saints Church will hold a card party next Thursday afternoon, August 26, at the Parish House to raise money for more windows in the social hall. The women hope to be able to shed a great deal more light on the social activities of the church by this affair. Mrs. Rush Wallace is chairman of arrangements. Guild members assisting are Miss Flora Stewart, Genevra Pierce, Mary Crawford, Ethel Cook, Mrs. John Abernethy, Mrs. Kent Clark, who will take care of the card tables, and Mrs. Cooper Anderson, Mrs. Van Eghren, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Mary Ball, Alice Gillett and Glena Peck, who have charge of refreshments. Mrs. George W. Reamer will take care of the publicity. Mrs. Wallace requests those planning to attend to make their reservations as early as possible.

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### PATRICIA ELEANOR BOWS ON FRIDAY THE 13TH

Friday the thirteenth held no terrors for Patricia Eleanor Doolittle. With a flip of small fingers and a blasting yell, Patricia entered the world at 5:24 in the morning of that auspicious day. Pat is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Doolittle and has a brother, Leslie, who is 2½ and just about old enough to help look after the new member of the family. Mrs. Doolittle (Muriel Watson) is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Watson of Carmel. Pat's eyes first opened to the pleasing atmosphere of the Peninsula Community Hospital.

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### LIBRARY SPENDS \$1,011.83 FOR NEW BOOKS; GOODY

In case you're interested, the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library, which is the Carmel city public library, spent \$157.30 for subscriptions to periodicals for the fiscal year ending June 30, and \$1,011.83 for new books. So read the annual report submitted to the city council Wednesday night.

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The Henry F. Dickinsons returned home last week-end from a trip to Vancouver.

## HAPPY, HAPPY LITTLE CHILDREN: BACK TO TEACHERS' ARMS YOU GO

Red of face and radiant of mien Otto W. Bardanson arrived in town with his two boys Monday evening. Late Tuesday night there were lights burning in the office of the principal of the Sunset School and superintendent of the Sunset School District. This means something to a horde of human beings who are now shooting B-B guns at targets, swapping marbles, digging tunnels, swimming swims, climbing trees, playing jacks, dressing dolls, and demanding eats at prohibited hours midway between regular family meals.

It means that Sunset School will throw open its arms to this horde on the morning of Monday, August 30. Two days before that, on Saturday, August 28, the teachers will have their first meeting, trade vacation stories and get their classrooms and books ready for the oncoming intelligentsia. They will also greet two new members of the teaching staff, Mrs. Helen Poulsen of Santa Rosa, who will have charge of the cafeteria and the foods classes, and Walter Bartmann of San Francisco, who will take one of the upper grades. Anna Marie Baer will again take charge of the Art Department after a year's leave of absence at Columbia, where she did graduate work.

The Sunset buildings themselves will bow in new dress and fresh make-up. Each of the classrooms

has been under the care of a beauty doctor during the summer. Some have been painted a light green, very cool and restful, some are all white, some cream and some yellow and white. Natty, we thought as we poked our nose in the other day.

The primary department has had a complete new dressing both inside and out and new heating units besides. One entirely new classroom has been finished next to the Music Room at the lower end of the main building facing on Mission street. Re-inforcements have been made to the Auditorium stage as a fire-proofing-measure and new seats in the balcony since school closed last June.

In the library, 115 new books have been added to the shelves. The Parent-Teacher Association, which has made a special project of the school library, has announced that the drapes will be hanging by the time school opens. Anxious to have the room in complete harmony, the group had Armin Hansen, who painted the mural for the library wall, pick out the color and texture of the drapes. They will be a soft green serge, carrying out the green tones in the painting.

The horde of young human beings, with faces scrubbed and minds washed with a haze of vacation adventures, will turn to books a week from Monday.

## Julie Stohr's "Snow Scene" Awarded Blue Ribbon in Fair Art Exhibit

Prizes were deservedly handed out to quite a number of entrants in the Art Exhibit at the Monterey Fair. Although we may question the relative justice of the first, second and third in that particular order, we are at least satisfied that all of the prizes were given to good paintings.

Julie Stohr's "Snow Scene," which received the first blue banner, is good painting although the subject matter is a bit slush. Miki Hayakawa we watched while she painted her very fine portrait, "One Afternoon." Miss Hayakawa paints with clarity and light and with good solid colors. She has exhibited in San Francisco many times and has been living on the Peninsula for the last three years. Will Irwin (and we still quote from the review of the Carmel Art Association show of June this year) "has about the brightest, cleanest picture in the show." John Langley Howard and Ferdinand Burgdorff showed good composition and painting in their contributions, "Sardine Fishers" and "High Sierras," respectively.

The group award to the Federal Art Project exhibit was the best the judges could do under the circumstances. Actually the paintings,

prints and sculpture in the group just about topped everything else in the show. With Remo's fine Monterey Fisherman panel, carved in relief in redwood, and the most excellent colored botanical lithographs by Albert Spratt and the Index of American Design plates which star the fine and finical work of Tulita Westphal, and other works included, the group was one of the best advertisements of the Federal Project.

The Monterey Camera Club received an award on the photography division of the exhibit, and individual awards were given to Dudley Carter, who was on the spot with his massive condor, much to the delight of Fair visitors, and to Frederic Todd, Monterey wood-carver, who has a fine sensitive approach to wood as a medium.

To Myron Oliver goes the credit for assembling the work of 50 artists from the Peninsula and to the hanging committee composed of Armin Hansen, Ferdinand Burgdorff and Burton Boundey, we offer our condolences and hopes that in next year's Fair they will have more room and a better building in which to hang the entries to their best advantage. —V. S.

### IVAN KELSEY PUT THAT NEW COAT ON SCHOOL

Ivan Kelsey, who splashes paint around in what might be called an official and efficient manner, has just finished a \$600 job on the two buildings housing the kindergarten and first and second grades at Sunset School. That gleaming white, with green trimmings, is Kelsey's work. Nice, eh?

+

Mrs. M. L. Huntington of Auburn, mother of Peter Hanna, is visiting her son in Carmel. Accompanying her here are Mrs. John Hughes of Spenceville and Miss Dorathe Yore of Sacramento.

+

Blackie O'Neal left for Reno on Monday. This Major Timberlake idea must have made an impression.

The Major just had to get back to the old stamping ground.



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## Tickle Tells Us Coast Road Is Too Too Divine

A handful of Carmel business men and women, composing, or scantily representing the Carmel Business Association, gathered at Pine Inn last Friday evening and listened to Senator Ed Tickle tell them how swell the new coast road is for the advancement of commercialism in this community.

The senator admitted, as THE CYMBAL has long contended, that the road at present is a "secondary" highway, and will probably so be for some time to come, but secondary or no, he insisted that it was a good thing for business and was proving itself so. We shall go into that in an editorial comment which may be passed over easily if you so desire.

As for business matters, the association, or the group representing it, listened to its own criticisms about the conditions of business streets, declaring the street cleaning system as now in vogue is pitifully inadequate. It also gave some words to the condition of the beach, urging action by the city in the matter of receptacles for refuse there.

Shelburn Robison, the president, explained, in comment to us, the small attendance on the theory that most of the business men and women shied at the possibility of political discussion in re the promised recall election. He said that he thought most of the association's members didn't want to become involved in the matter—at least, not at this writing.

## Yes, Jinny Says, We Will Have Some Pigeons

Yes, we are to have pigeons for the pigeon holes you have noticed up under the eaves on the front of the Normandy apartments.

This has been promised us by no less an authority in the matter than Mrs. Robert Stanton, affectionately known to us as Jinny. In fact, our interest in the matter, and Jinny's thoughts about it almost got themselves mixed in with the ring of the telephone bell when we called her Tuesday morning.

"I was just thinking about getting them," said Mrs. Stanton in response to our initial question.

"What kind?" we asked in question No. 2.

"Next week."

"What color?"

"Fantail and Pouter."

"How many?"

"White."

"When?"

"Only four."

Jinny is like that. She had a birthday last week. She says she is 26. We hate to say a lady lies, but she doesn't look a month over 22.

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of the same  
old things?*

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## The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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E. A. H. Watson & A. Porter Halsey  
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No. 8

August 20, 1937

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### CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly  
net paid circulation of THE CAR-  
MEL CYMBAL for the past six  
months:

|          |     |
|----------|-----|
| February | 485 |
| March    | 566 |
| April    | 609 |
| May      | 647 |
| June     | 677 |
| July     | 809 |

The July average weekly net paid  
circulation of THE CYMBAL of 671  
in the Carmel area (Carmel, Car-  
mel Highlands and Pebble Beach) is  
far in excess of that of any other  
Carmel newspaper.

## County Forced To Build Road Out In The Air

Monterey County discovered re-  
cently that in order to save itself  
from an embarrassing position it  
would have to go down to the foot  
of Seventeenth street on The Point  
and build a road out in the air, as  
it were.It is going about such an im-  
provement. It was spurred to ac-  
tion by Miss Marion Clark of Ber-  
keley who, for some reason or  
other, decided to build a house on  
two lots which she owns at Seven-  
teenth street and Scenic Drive.  
When her architect, Harwell Har-  
ris, went down there to survey the  
property with his naked eye, to get  
frontages, possible vistas from liv-  
ing rooms, etc., he discovered that  
the road bordering the beach and  
leading to the much-discussed dis-  
posal plant of the city of Carmel,  
would just be no road at all when  
Miss Clark fenced her property.  
In other words, he discovered that  
if you moved out to the length of  
Miss Clark's lots, measuring from  
the very definite back of them, the  
frontage line would run beyond the  
present road and along the dande-  
lions, or mustard stalks, or esch-  
scholtzia shoots on the bank of the  
beach.This created a complication the  
county engineer had to look into.  
He has looked into it with the re-  
sult that there is a highway crew  
down there now building a new  
road out beyond the line of Miss  
Clark's property. Investigation will  
show, or has shown, that the Clark  
property line also goes out to the  
middle of the present Seventeenth  
street roadway. That means wid-  
ening of that road, or the shoving  
of it to the south.

## St. James Players In Fine Farewell

"Kind Lady," farewell produc-  
tion of the St. James Repertory  
Company, was a fine play, exceed-  
ingly well done. "Chic" McCar-  
thy, director of the company, pulled  
an ace out of the bag when he cast  
Peggy Burke as the "Kind Lady."  
Jumping quickly from the prologue  
to the play, which unfolded the  
story of how a lonely but kind lady  
was taken in by a group of crooks,  
Miss Burke made a sudden transi-  
tion from a desperate, almost in-  
sane old lady to a middle-aged, kind  
lady, without a care in the world,  
with remarkable fidelity. The tone  
of her voice, her gestures, walk and  
the expressions on her face were so  
true to character that audible  
sounds could be heard in the audi-  
ence in reaction to the progress of  
the play. The suspense of the play  
was high throughout and rose to a  
delicately-strained point until Miss  
Burke took off her cape and rose as  
one who had conquered through  
force of character alone. This last  
and final touch brought abundant  
applause and cheers from a small  
but enthusiastic audience. Congratu-  
lations, Peggy, we'll miss you and  
don't forget us when a dollar will  
pay for only half a seat in the gal-  
lery.

The company as a whole was a  
bundle of surprises. Robert Gal-  
braith played the irresponsible,  
young American bond salesman  
with the proper playful dumbness  
that we all know of these young  
men who make their living by their  
charm and wits. Peter Lundberg  
played a minor bit as an art dealer  
and made it one of the high spots  
of the show. Miss Rose was excel-  
lent in the part of the maid. George  
Bolton, as the master mind of the  
crooks, played an unsympathetic  
part so well that he provoked hisses  
from the audience. Faye Emerson  
did very well with a small part.  
Miss Emerson has a bright future  
on the stage.

Patricia Lee, Thelma Miller and  
Harry Hedger represented the local  
talent in the cast and upheld the  
theatrical tradition of Carmel.

The departure of the St. James  
Players will be a loss to Carmel and  
those of us who had the good for-  
tune to know them during their  
brief stay here, wish them all the  
greatest amount of success.

—F. S. T.

### MARION MEREDITH INN INAUGURATES TEAS

Inaugurating a series of teas with  
music at the Marion Meredith Inn  
last Saturday, with Constance Yates  
at the piano, Charles Frisbee, 'cell-  
ist, and Bruce Boland with his viol-  
in, Miss Meredith was hostess to a  
group charmed with the music, the  
afternoon hills and the atmosphere  
of casual grace imparted by the  
ensemble. Lynda Sargent assisted at  
the tea table.

Miss Meredith plans to make this  
a weekly feature of her Valley  
place, with the further object of  
showing from time to time as op-  
portunity offers such art and craft  
work as those artists and craftsmen  
hereabouts care to exhibit under her  
auspices.

The second tea, given Wednes-  
day and featuring Blanche Angell's  
sculpture, with Anne Greene pre-  
siding, revealed a genuine artist in  
our midst. Miss Angell's work is  
commented on elsewhere in THE  
CYMBAL.

+ + +

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous  
were hostesses to the cast and asso-  
ciates of "Tatters" at an informal  
party at Sade's Sunday night after  
the final and twentieth performance  
of the old-time play. Songs and gay  
postmortems were in the order of  
the evening.

## DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Local news-hounds, nosing a-  
round for a good story, visited the  
various abodes of the three mem-  
bers of the city council up for re-  
call in hopes of getting an inter-  
view with their pets—but not a  
single pet was to be found—so no  
interview. But one of them, with  
a keener scent than the rest, dug  
up the following little quotation  
which pleased them mightily:

"People who do not love animals  
have something seriously wrong in  
their constitutions. A great man  
once said, 'I would not give much  
for the man's religion whose dog  
and cat are not better for it.'"

Everything About Dogs  
EBERHART.

+

The Protective League for the  
Underdog awards a badge for dis-  
tinguished service to Ivan Cocke  
for his untiring assistance in raising  
funds for the Animal Shelter at the  
Monterey County Fair last week.  
Twice in the afternoon and twice  
in the evening, all during the Fair,  
Ivan put on little shows, going  
through his amazing tricks, time  
after time, in order to help his less  
fortunate friends.

+

An unidentified member of the  
Protective League—the youngster,  
all dressed up in a gay cowboy out-  
fit, who came up to the Humane  
Society booth at the Fair, looked at  
the dogs and the posters, and start-  
ing away, paused and said to his  
little companion:

"Gee, I guess I'll give 'em my  
ten cents. My dog might be in  
trouble some time."

+

Spotty Hyde, the village's favor-  
ite man-about-town, is having a fine  
time trotting about the country  
with his own-by-adoption, Irene  
Alexander. When last heard from,  
Spotty was breaking hearts right  
and left up in Burlingame. Accord-  
ing to all accounts, he has become  
a regular Beau Brummell and even  
bathes in Lux. His mistress says  
Spotty has caused her some embar-  
rassment (and lost several friends)  
by absolutely insisting on going  
everywhere she goes and, in her  
own words, Spotty trails her "like  
a broken garter."

+

Shades of the Gay Nineties!  
That really was a Pug dog that  
graced the village last week and his  
name was Albert. And, believe it  
or not, he has a wife named Victo-  
ria. He was here on a visit with his  
owner, Mrs. Floyd of Berkeley.

Albert feels that he was born  
32 years too late. He yearns for  
the horse-and-buggy days, when  
trees were trees, and some were  
hitching posts—and his family held  
its rightful place in society—not  
pointed out as an antique and a  
relic of the days "when I was a  
girl." He really doesn't approve of  
these days of flying machines and  
stream-lined dachshunds and the  
like, either.

The elegant Albert realizes he is  
a rarity and conducts himself with  
dignity like the Pug dog in the  
jingle by Thomas Hood,

"Whose feature unluckily rose up  
And folks took offense  
When offering pence  
Because of his turning his nose up."

+ + +

Joan Clague left Carmel Wed-  
nesday for Berkeley. Joan will be  
a freshman at the University.

### MAJOR COOTE TO SHOW HIS COLOR FILMS OF CHINA

Saturday evening at 8:30 o'clock  
at the home of Mrs. Theodore Cr-  
iley in the Highlands, Major Ralph  
A. Coote will show the color films  
which he took on his recent trip to  
China and Japan. The showing will  
be in the nature of a benefit for the  
Spanish war orphans under the aus-  
pices of the organization for Medi-  
cal Aid for Spanish Democracy.  
An admission charge of 50 cents  
will be made. The Criley home is  
just south of Point Lobos, at the  
turn at the bridge. The name is on  
the mail box.

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## CLANGING CYMBALS



### ASSAY OF THE HUMAN FACE

This little scroll is addressed to Violante Peri of Marysville. Marysville, we understand, is a delightful and undistinguished small town where men and women live their lives variously in love and in tragedy; in sentience and in insentience; in caustic need and in measure of peace; finely and grossly; in short, as it is given men and women to live their lives all over the earth. And in Carmel.

On having revisited Carmel after some years, V. Peri wrote a letter to the editor of THE CYMBAL—as most of you have seen—complaining that this “picturesque and quaint” village had become a refuge for unartistic middle-aged women without grace or charm or health or spiritual elasticity. In careful quotation marks, she railed against bandanas and tasteless summer togs. When our Editor made such reply as he saw fit, she called in question his fitness to reply at all. She wrote: “As a woman I am aware of the qualities and also of the shortcomings of the fair sex, and as such (italics all ours) in the position to praise, condemn, expose or ridicule, if I so choose.”

She invited reply.

It sometimes happens when we wake at morning  
That a sense of such transcendent life in life comes on us  
The realm of all our utterance is largened  
And we live then in some fair quicker day  
Than is our always lot.  
Such day last Sunday was, and waking  
Where the small brown birds outside our kitchen window  
Made lyric salutation to our dawn and frittered little preenings  
In the leaves; and where the sun came falling through  
The pine tree by our fence as if the chariot itself  
Had taken some quick turn around a cloud  
And thus from Phoebus' pocket by mistake  
Had spilt all the gold he'd raped from off the cupboard shelf that day;  
And where the drench of splendor reached our clean brown body  
Underneath the sheets, exigent beyond all telling  
With this great tidal life that came to wrack at us  
And adumbrate the pungent smell of coffee in our sense—percipient  
As all odor in all past and time to come;—  
Waking, we say, like this we thought of Violante Peri so,  
And of the faces that we see each day  
When we go up to buy a pack of Chesterfields from Peter Burk  
Or wheedle Mr. Ewig into filling up our morning  
With one of his big belly laughs.

And then by quite a natural  
And easy trailing of our thoughts, like indeciduous  
But lusty vine with berries running on the ground,  
We came to pondering the human face itself  
And how since childhood we have sought in little  
Villages like Henniker, New Hampshire, and, oh yes, Violante Peri,  
Along the walks of Taormina (which is, you specify, in Sicily)  
And where the herd is gathered in New York and  
Even in those smallish Tyrol cantons of the Swiss  
Where you, it seems, discounted all the gayety of gear upon the head  
Which we have hight due jolly and defended,  
For that especial beauty each man wears  
But that's concealed so well beneath a wart  
Or underneath some spot of rouge or smirk  
That we are very like to pass it by and lose forever  
In our life that one essentially compounded joy.

Remembering our thesis while we turned the water on  
And saw our shrieking Blue Jay drown himself in God's sweet covenant—  
The rainbow spray from our own garden hose—we conjured up  
Three women that we know, who walk the streets of Carmel every day  
And who, we say, are typical of just the folk  
About whom our V. Peri must have writ. We meet  
Them and their kind on Ocean Avenue  
Whenever we go up to post our mail and being made a woman in ourself,  
Not only by this accident of sex  
But by the truth and trial of the womanhood of life  
We dare present them here as illustration of our point.

There's one who wears the hateful badge of tastelessness  
Daily upon her head and, further evidence of lack of charm,  
She comes up town in an old hurried sweater coat  
As if she gave no thought to charm at all.  
One night last week  
We saw her bent above a small thin child  
In whom she sought to coax a thread of joy  
To touch its puny spirit. But it, wandering alone upon some verge  
Of disaffection, fever, sense, eluding all the mother care  
And wallowed in a scourge of pitiful dis-ease,  
Gave only vacant eyes and scanty whimperings of stress.  
Upon a table near, some scattered papers lay:  
On one of these a scribbled verse so pure,  
So outwardly lucid in its line  
That looking at the harried mother face, the insufficient  
Light and sustenance for light,  
A sudden transcendence filled the room and  
In the compass of the board and batten shack it brought  
To focus in our open eyes the whole insolvent mystery  
Of love.  
But you may see her, hurried on the street  
Wearing a gay bandana she can give a dime for at the Village Five  
and Ten

Because it costs a precious dollar for a marcel wave  
And purity of heart and desperation of the soul  
Are not to be advertised upon the streets.  
She would not think it quite the thing to do.

This second one is also middle-aged.  
And when you meet her there by Mrs. Zuck's  
Or down the street by Carmel Realty Incomp.  
There will be weariness in her expression, too.  
We saw her on the platform of the Salinas depot  
Wearing dark spectacles and all decked out  
In “tasteless summer togs.” She had come to Carmel  
With her husband not a week before  
Briefly to shed if possible a woman's wholly justifiable fear.  
Perhaps, by brief renewal of the scene  
She could recapture here the thing she lost, yet  
Cannot quite believe it yet—her husband's love.  
Now he is suddenly called back to town  
And as we waited on that station platform for the Daylight Limited  
to come

We saw—we could not fail to see the thing—  
The last thin thread of hope go out of her.  
“I wonder,” she was laughing, “how they ride  
These freight cars underneath. I'd think they'd jar  
Their indigestibles somewhat.”  
And then composing well her brittle armor for the benefit  
Of us and of the station hands and other passengers about:  
“I'll write the cook just how to make that sauce.  
It's quite a trick.  
I learned it way, way back  
And never took the time to write it down. There was so much to do.  
Here—have you got a pencil now? Two eggs . . .”  
And in this moment, being not a male  
And somewhat sensitive to the shortcomings of the fairer sex  
And as such in a place to praise, condemn, expose or ridicule them as  
we choose  
We did perceive in her small slightly hardened face  
A very old and constant virtue of our sex, that is called courage, Simmias.

But yet once more before we leave you to your Marysville  
And peace of soul, which we would hope to deepen and engage.  
This woman, Womankind.  
Ourself, we love to see her on the street  
Wearing whatever badge she has to front the world.  
Perhaps God made her foolish like ourself, we think.  
And blindly splaying out her little goods upon the counter  
Of the senseless marketplace of life.  
Some day, if she should stop to think at all—  
And this we seldom any of us do—  
She will not walk on this or any other street.  
She will be dead.  
Against this day she needs in bitter need  
Her food, her man, her awkward gay culottes.  
Against this day she strives, as you and I, within  
The limitations of her Self.  
Perhaps her father had a hare lip or in her mother's blood  
Some taint was left:  
Or childhood was a cramped and misered time  
Inadequate to fit her  
For your quaint and picturesque Carmel.

Carmel, indeed!  
This little dot upon the sand.  
This place where beauty's to be bought by charm?  
What's that? A town like any town for comedy and tragedy and such.  
They told us when we learned from books in school  
That if a tree fell in the wilderness  
And there were there no ear drums to record its fall  
No sound would even tend the crashing of that great Sequoia lord  
That tumbled underneath the feller's axe  
At Palo Colorado yesterday.  
Then give this beauty of Carmel to weary eyes for food or it will starve.  
Then let Carmel in bright felicity of Beauty's self  
And but a cubit to some stature not by nature or environment  
As privileged as yours, my dear.

Such one as these are we.  
And if we've found a sermon in the pines, we find it too  
Hedged in by sidewalks and cabined by sin, as we ourself.  
But when we walk on Ocean Avenue  
We see such virtues here as could be seen along another shore  
Another time.

There was a fellow—to be sure, a man—  
Who walked sometimes along that other stream. Not the Pacific then,  
But by a lake—a Galilean lake.  
Whether or not his is a myth  
And he some heroism of creative need in man we surely cannot say.  
But it is fun when folk like you get all het up  
By little mathematic calculations about taste and charm  
To go along the street assuming he is there.  
We have a feeling he would look you in the eye, my friend.  
And in this mirror you would see yourself a little ludicrous  
Like all the rest.  
He had compassion, we have understood, and he might let you off with  
gentleness.  
But he has loved the little main streets of the world.  
He saw the hearts that walked the main streets of the world.

And if we make one testament of grace  
We make it now to any human face.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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## Personalities & Personals

Charles M. Dennis, superintendent of music for San Francisco public schools, is staying at his summer home in Carmel until schools begin. With him are his mother, Mrs. Charles Dennis, and his son, John.

Mrs. Roberta Balfour, artist, has returned to Carmel for several weeks' visit with her son and daughter-in-law, the J. A. Balfours. She is staying at her own guest house on Seventh and Lincoln. Mrs. Balfour has been in Arizona and New Mexico for the winter.

Helen Marie Newmark was down from the city last week-end. Helen misses Carmel a lot but told us that having a subscription to THE CYMBAL was the next best thing to being here. We thank you, Helen. Come and see us more often.

Bob Caldwell, who will enter his Junior year at the University of California next week, visited with his sister and brother-in-law, Virginia and Remo Scardigli, over the first part of this week.

Muriel Coombs, who has been spending the summer in Carmel at the Norvell home in Hatton Fields, left Sunday for Berkeley. Her son, Francis Gyle, left a week ago to begin his last year at the university.

Professor and Mrs. Chiura Obata left for Berkeley last week after a short visit with friends on the Peninsula. Besides being on the staff of the University of California Art Department, he is a fisherman.

Patty Elliott is hostess to a group of her friends at a supper dance at the Mission Ranch Club tonight.

Edwin Duerr, director of the University of California Little Theater, is taking one long gasp of Carmel solitude before he goes back to tackle the hundred and one aspiring dramatic lights at the university. Duerr is staying in the Hooper guest house on Casanova street.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lillienthal of San Francisco are guests at Highlands Inn.

Nancy and Winifred Stilwell left Carmel last Saturday for New York where they will visit with their grandmother, Mrs. B. W. Stilwell. Just before they left the two girls had a reassuring radiogram from their parents, Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Stilwell, who are in Peiping, that all is well in spite of hostilities. The girls will return to Carmel in February and will then go on to China to rejoin their parents. They have been staying at the home of Major and Mrs. Ralph A. Coote on Santa Fe.

Alberta Wright, daughter of

Mildred Sahlstrom Wright, Carmel musician, will be among the many students registering this week-end at the University of California. Alberta has been in Mexico for the summer. She sailed from Acapulco on Monday.

Mrs. Robert Cox Ayres of River-town and Philadelphia, and her sister, Mrs. Karl F. Meyer of San Francisco, arrived in Carmel last Tuesday for a week's visit. Mrs. Ayres has come west to spend a month with her sister and will return to Philadelphia in September.

Fern Hyde received a large gold star for the woman's attendance record at "Tatters." She was busy having it signed by all the members of the cast at the party at Sade's after the show Sunday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Ted Durein left last week for a motor trip to Mexico City. They will be gone a fortnight.

Albert J. Van Houtte dropped into Carmel for a short time this week. Van Houtte is a super-cargo, or something, on the President Coolidge of the Dollar Line. He is well known on the Carmel amateur stage.

Mrs. Guy Koepp entertained members of the St. James Repertory Company and friends at an informal party at the Koepp home last Monday evening. Group singing and refreshments added to the enjoyment of the evening.

H. A. Kirk, advertising manager, pressman and compositor of the weekly newspaper, *The Ojai*, dropped into THE CYMBAL office this week. He walked into the office just after Prudence Mason of *The Altadena Press* had been in to see us. Both of them were on vacations and just had to drop in and see what was going on around here. Miss Mason has come to Carmel with her mother. Both were very much interested in THE CYMBAL style and make-up and hoped to carry new ideas back to their own papers.

Mrs. Daisy Allen and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Husing, left town Saturday for their home in Sacramento. Mrs. Allen visited with her sister, Mrs. H. W. Hawes, and her nephew, Allen Knight, while she was on the Peninsula.

Abbie Lou and Laidlaw Williams left San Francisco by train last Tuesday for Detroit. The couple will bust past any picket lines that might stand in their way there and pick out a car for themselves.

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They then plan to tour different parts of the country visiting relatives here, there, and everywhere. They expect to be gone about three months.

Joseph Schoeninger, Jr., left Carmel at the awful hour of 5 o'clock yesterday morning to drive up to Berkeley. He will enter his junior year at the University.

Mary Meyer of Berkeley, Hollywood and New York, was in Carmel over last week-end. Mary is a dancer and was in the *Oljo* of the San Francisco production of "The Drunkard" and in the dancing group of the movie production of "Romeo and Juliet." She has also been connected with many of the productions around the Berkeley campus.

## PETER FRIEDRICHSEN WALKS OCEAN AVENUE AGAIN

We saw Peter Friedrichsen in San Francisco two weeks ago and urged him to come down and see "Tatters." Last week he came and saw Carmel as well. Just walked up one street and down another, saying "hello" and "how are you?" just as fast as he could. Peter has been away from Carmel for the past four years.

He used to do decorating and stage design (did the original "Drunkard" sets in Carmel) and he is still at it. At present he handles the sets and poster work for the Federal Music Project in San Francisco and for Ted Kuster's theater. Anyway we thought that we would ask him if Carmel had changed a lot to him and he surprised us by saying that he really didn't think it had. "The same shop people are still on Ocean avenue. There have been outward changes, of course, but the country around is still full of trees and the ocean and beach are still there."

Perhaps Peter is a prophet. He certainly is not an unseeing man, so perhaps he is a far-seeing man. Maybe we are just about the same.

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## Death of Serra To Be Marked At Mission

On Sunday, August 29, the 153rd anniversary of the death of Fray Junipero Serra will be celebrated at the Carmel Mission which he founded in 1770.

The ceremonies will begin with Solemn High Mass celebrated by the Rev. Michael O'Connell. The restored cell of Father Serra will be blessed and consecrated. Excellentissima Maria Antonia Fields, assisted by descendants of the early Spanish families, will lay a wreath on Serra's tomb in the church. The cause preparatory to the beatification and canonization of Serra will be inaugurated on that Sunday.

The work of restoration of the cell which Serra used during his time at the Mission has been under the direction of Harry Downey. In 1934 they began to clear out the rooms, uncovering some of the original tile in the flooring and about two to three feet of adobe wall around the quarters. The positions of the windows were indicated by certain placements of the bricks and the height of the structure was determined by the marking on the main building. In 1935 they put up the adobe walls and reconstructed the rooms as they were originally. Palou in his book, "La Vida," which is a life of the Spanish apostle of California, gives a very accurate account and description of the buildings, and the inventory written by Padre Jose Real in 1836, described the room to the last detail, allowing for the present refurnishing of the quarters in the early manner.

Following the morning service in the church, a Spanish fiesta with music and dancing will be held on the Mission grounds. Mrs. Harry Thompson is in charge.

## HERE'S RHODA AND DICK, EACH WITH HALF OF A STATION WAGON

Rhoda and Dick Johnson have been married 21 years, but you'd never know it to look at them, or by the way they act. They celebrated their wedding anniversary last week and made each other a present. Rhoda presented Dick with the front half of a Ford station wagon and Dick gave Rhoda the other half. Now they shake dice every mornin to see whether Rhoda uses her half to carry on her social activities, taking Dick's half with her, or Dick uses his for his business, trailing Rhoda's half along with him. In 11 days the score is Rhoda, 9; Dick, 2. But that wouldn't worry Richard much. Incidentally, the "Tatters" roysterers dug up a cake somewhere the other night after a performance and presented it to the delightful and delighted couple. And Dick and Rhoda are going away together on a celebration trip in a few days. It will be the second time in 21 years they have been able to get away with this. Rhoda, as on the first trip about six months ago, will take her marriage certificate along with her, she's so nervous-like.

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous left for San Francisco Tuesday afternoon. They will be back sometime today or tomorrow. Dene will visit with her mother, whom she has not seen for many years, and who is stopping in Oakland, and the two girls will tend to the many kinds of business they have to tend to.

Bruce Cator will be at West Point for the next two years. He left Carmel recently on his way to the Military Academy and drove as far as Philadelphia with Sascha Jacobinoff.

## About Three Quite Important People—Janie and Blanche and Oliver

All the dishes in the house are dirty, so it must be Wednesday night again. Good god! The dead line crashing overhead. The presses in the oven heating. And W.K. looking right straight through us and seeing nothing at all.

There are three things we hasten to speak about: Janie clucking over her new chickens—and selling 'em, too—Blanche Angell's convertible man; and Oliver's head in the Loop-o-Plane.

### JANIE:

Mrs. Otto has always been one of our pet raves. When we see Janie heaving up the road we are quite likely to go into some kind of inward somersault or feel like rolling a hoop. But to see Janie in her very element! Not that Fitzgerald's glowing iridian hillsides actually needed Janie; and we think the ladies from Boston would have liked Leslie Wolf's things anyhow. But we and George Santayana feel that if you have a spirit like Janie's you add something to everything you touch. Incidentally, Janie's has been the Midas touch for the gallery this week. But that wasn't what we meant.

### BLANCHE ANGELL

Down at Marion Meredith's second musical tea yesterday we came, as Wolo would say, aghasted upon this girl from our home town and her sculpture in wood and stone. Don't let her slip through your fingers and then tell us you meant to go and see her things, but . . .

There aren't any pretty-pretty. But there are lines that flow with such exactitude that you flow with them; there are masses juxtaposed to fragilities—a woman with broad buttocks and thin flexing arms such as you see in Turkish women or in primitives; there is a 1937 cadence in one rather chimeric abstraction that has a nice reason for being if you insist on that sort of thing; there is, in short, integrity.

We have selected the one we call the convertible man for two reasons; it is an excellent piece of sculpture, and it illustrates a point on which we are like to harp.

Blanche was discussing with us our theory that one reason we work harder at home (New York)—and there is no doubt that we work much harder than is the general rule in Carmel—is that we always have a group stimulus. She offered this one piece of work as a rather pointed example of what that kind of thing accomplishes for you. She'd been working on the figure for some time but something about it eluded her. It was the figure of a woman and it worked beautifully into the grain of her piece of wood. It especially suited itself to the lines of the breasts. Yet the whole thing vaguely displeased the sculptor. Then one night when the group was just sitting about, some one said, But that isn't a woman you're doing at all. It's a man. And Blanche took her tools to the breasts she had treasured so and off they came, leaving her the best piece of work she has done to date.

It's funny how people go about these days asking, "Now just what did you mean when you did that?" To us, every line Miss Angell has made speaks quite eloquently for itself. It does not say, of course, I am an exact representation of a catfish. But it says very adequately, I am a line in a precise relationship to this other line out of which, or into which, I grow.

The dozen or so pieces she has down at Marion Meredith's will be there for a few days longer. You could arrange to go and have a cup of tea and look at the Miserable Man—one of her figures done from

a slice of an old brownstone house she picked up on the street in New York—and come home along the Valley road at sunset, where something very fine in modelling is done with a pair of hills or so picked up in an old pasture by the Lord.

### AND OLIVER:

Oliver took us to the Fair. Oliver being ten, we tried to enlighten him about Dandy Boy's fine points—how this magnificent Hereford Bull was bred for a wide head so his nostrils would be big so he could breathe a lot of air into his lungs so his lungs would get busy and pump energy into his stomachs so he would eat a lot of food and generate great juicy steaks. But did Oliver care about education? He did not. He took one look at the Octopus and said, Oh baby, let's go. And we went. We went everywhere; we shot at everything; we took chances on hams; we ate and drank the inedible and the definitely unpotable; we had such fun on the thing with the small automobiles that it's a wonder we haven't crashed square into a couple of limousines this week; we even went to see the lady who is slowly turning into a man. At the Loop-o-Plane we balked. But Oliver's game little head went round and round and came out somewhat grayish. At half after midnight Oliver brought us home.

There's something about a ten-year-old boy and a Carnival that's okay with us. —L. S.

## COMMUNITY CHURCH PLANS WEEK'S RUMMAGE SALE

The Community Church Rummage Sale opens tomorrow in the shop next to the Dolores Pharmacy on Dolores near Seventh. The sale which is run by the women of the auxiliary will be open from this Saturday to Saturday, August 28 of this year.

Mrs. Jessie Askew is still receiving articles for the sale at her home at San Carlos between Fourth and Fifth. In charge of the benefit are Mrs. Everett Smith, president of the auxiliary; Frances Farrington, Mrs. Jessie Askew, Mrs. Peggy Logan and Mrs. Mabel Hart. Proceeds from the sale go to a general fund for church work.

## JOHN ROSCELLI DECORATES HIS VEHICLE, TOO

John Roscelli is not to be outdone by these nitwits who hang a foxtail, or whatever they are, to their radiator caps. From his radiator cap streams an immense white feather boa he dug up from the dim distant past. John's machine is the the garbage truck. We like the implied contumely.

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## ENGRACIA STUDIO OPENS TO SELL SWELL HATS

Grace Matthews Case opens her Engracia Studio tomorrow in one of the two new little blue and white shops in the Aucourt Building on Lincoln just south of Ocean. Mrs. Case will show her wares, millinery and novelties, in a charming drawing room setting. She has decorated the room with artistic taste and a flair comparable to a European salon. A grand piano is inviting in one corner of the room and flowers add to the colorful interior. And about those flowers, they are known as "ice box" flowers and are a creation of Inez Matthews, who will be in the shop Saturday to receive visitors.

Mrs. Case is the daughter of the late Sam Matthews who owned the San Carlos Ranch, a property of 10,000 acres near Metz in Monterey County. Mr. Matthews was one of the originators of the Salinas Rodeo. Mrs. Case and her sister still manage the ranch.

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## Have You Some Bottles You Do Not Want?

Have you any old bottles? Not beer or soda pop, but bottles with interesting shapes and fine memories. Or, how about old miner's tools or implements or a branding iron or some article that is especially connected with the old theater days of California.

They are sending out a call for such articles to help give atmosphere to the barroom of the First Theater in Monterey. With theatrical life moving around the theater and a greatly increased interest in the historic building itself, Mrs. Mary Greene, curator of the Customs House, Mrs. Isabel Hartigan, curator of the Theater, and Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, play producers, are anxious to build up a fine setting of typical and authentic exhibits to bring back the days of Jack Swan and the old saloon, and Stevenson's regiment with its dramatic stock company, which first played in the Theater in 1848. Swan was not only a sailor and a baker and a saloon- and hotel-keeper, but he also answered the call of "Gold" and went into the Placer mines—so many fields are open.

First contributions are a set of old bottles willed by John and Carol Steinbeck to Remo and Virginia Scardigli and a beautiful old miner's pan, donated by Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous. The pan comes from one of the old mining towns in Siskiyou county. With a bit of elbow polish it will gleam and glisten in the candlelight in the evenings and shine like a bright sun for the daytime visitors to the museum.

Have you something you think would add to the collection? Bring it into THE CYMBAL office or directly to the First Theater, corner of Pacific and Scott streets, in Monterey. You may lend your things or present them to the museum, as you wish.

+

### THIEF AT FRASER LOOMS ELIMINATES ONE OF OUR TEMPTATIONS

Someone has done us a favor and eliminated at least one of the temptations that beset us on and around Ocean avenue. Someone has stolen one of the "Please Don't Handle" two or three of them in the Looms, two or three of them in the Looms, protecting, or trying to protect, displays of woven goods. They act like "Fresh Paint" signs to us and we have on occasion barely escaped getting our hands slapped. But one of them is gone and our lot will be less restless in Fraser Looms. We suspect that some bright swain took it to pin on his girl friend.

+

### HERE'S JUST WHAT 'OLIO' REALLY MEANS

Our brother, after having seen and enjoyed the play at the First Theater and the Olio, asked us what exactly the word *olio* meant. We explained that it was sort of a collection of acts after a show and that seemed sufficient until he spotted the gallon tin of Italian oil in the kitchen. Again he read the word *olio* and we got into a long discussion as to the derivation. Was it possibly a sauce for the main dish, the dressing, or what? Nine other people who might not know what it's all about would make a reading public so we offer the Webster's definition. Coming from the Spanish *Olla*, meaning pot, and also a stew of meat and vegetables cooked together in the pot, in the United States usage it is, "The vaudeville part of a burlesque performance or minstrel show."

Oh, so you knew it all the time!

## POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The War in China, we are honorably informed by the Japanese, is merely a gesture of friendship. Apparently the brown man thinks it is better for the yellow man to be exploited by some one more near his own color than by a white man. After all, it is in line with good Nipponese thought that the brown man is the superior, in fact the best thing ever turned out along those lines. We used to have some benighted ideas of the kind, too. Oh, well! They'll learn!

These sex crimes around New York supplant the child-bride in the news. Apparently, the newspapers have heard of these little affairs. They've been pretty common heretofore in the Metropolis, but now they get the headlines. Which won't do much good, either, because the situation that causes the demented minds continues prevalent. These crimes have even spread to Chicago, now.

California growers are up in arms over the dried fruit racket by which the eastern monopolists control prices and affect buying of crops. It's the same old story of the artichokes, a big story two years ago, and the smoked salmon, a story of last year that never came out. Each one of these operations cost Californians, especially the original producers, a great deal of money. "It is time something was done about it." Yes, but what?

Just can't keep off the subject of boats. Well, this time it's because a man from Nova Scotia sailed his 23-foot ketch, actually about five times the length of your bath tub, if you have one, or three times the length of your shower, if you haven't, right under my nose. I first knew it when the Fish and Game patrol boat *Albacore*, of Monterey, and a noisy police department, rushed to the rescue. This Nova Scotian, sailing gleefully on a trip to Vancouver in what he called the *Queen Mary*, had anchored for the night in the open sea near Santa Cruz lighthouse, and people on the shore thought he was lost and adrift in the night. "Leave me alone, I only want to sleep," he growled at Captain Lars Wiseth, of the *Albacore*. Later he turned up in San Francisco.

And while I'm telling about boats, a letter from Hilary Belloc, now on the east coast, brings me the latest reports of what the fishing fleets are up to there. He wonders how some of their craft would stand up to the rough seas we have here. Last week he was at famous Wood's Hole in the old Yankee whaling country. "Ma" was adrift in a cat boat overnight there once!

This Helen Wills Moody divorce is getting pretty close to home when Walter Winchell air waves that she may be "middle aisling" with a "Pebble Beach millionaire." All of which Mrs. Moody, of course, denies. It would be a nice addition to gossip if she came here, however, and took as her mate a "Pebble Beach millionaire."

Perhaps the mystery of how come our weather is so cold is solved, at least in part, by the discovery of a genuine polar bear washed up on Salada Beach a few miles south of San Francisco. Of course, he had been dead some time, but that he was a polar bear and no sea lion had been verified. In another few

years, icebergs may be expected to follow in the wake of the cold currents that brought the polar bear to these shores, although it is possible he may have fallen overboard while on a world cruise. Quien sabe?

Billy "Smoke" Heron has been showing more than seven score golfers how to play golf in the state championship this week. He qualified with 153 strokes for the 36 holes, playing over Cypress Point and Pebble Beach courses, to hold down fourteenth place. Milt Latham was only a stroke behind and also qualified for match play.

While the United States is becoming the golden country that Spain was once before the Armada, the modern bullion galleons that now sail the sea all have "Maru" as part of their name and fly the flag of the Rising Sun, as more useless metal gathers in our cellars. After all, what do the economists know? They may have some very pretty theories—but—

After seeing "The Good Earth" it is easy to see why China moils with its famines, floods, typhoons, and its peoples, tired after centuries of "weather" on a gigantic scale. It brings home that we, too, are not so far from facing the same thing here on this continent, where already the cut-down forests no longer hold back the flood waters, keep the soil fertile, the earth damp, and permit the winds to do their worst. Faced with these problems, we are reduced to exactly the same position as the Chinese, and with only slightly better equipment with which to do battle.

A bright green vine grows just beneath the window "where I work." Today it displayed soft leafy cones, and a great dawning came. It is a hop vine, valuable and beloved herb, gathered for its resinous fragrance, its fermenting qualities, which, imparted in a correct manner to a mash of malt and corn sugar and purest spring water, produce that soothing beverage, beer.

### 'TATTERS' SINGS "HOT TIME" FOR ARGYLL CAMPBELL

We laughed along with Argyll Campbell when they dedicated to him the song "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" at the final performance of "Tatters" Sunday night. And we wished for Paul Flanders when Blackie O'Neal, as *Major Timberlake*, threatened his prudish wife and instead of saying "howling wilderness" swore he'd "set her astride, an old gray mare and send her adrift in Hatton Fields."

### DENNY-WATROUS ANNOUNCE THEIR SAN JOSE SEASON

The San Jose Concert series, under the Denny-Watrous Management opens Friday, October 22, with Yehudi Menuhin, violinist. Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous are already starting their campaign for season tickets for the series as well as taking reservations for the single concerts. The series includes Menuhin, the Joos Ballet in December, the San Francisco Symphony, under the direction of Pierre Monteux, with a guest artist in February, and the double-piano team of Luboschutz and Nemenoff, which will conclude the group.

Mrs. Ivan Kelsey and two children, Norene and Jimmie, have returned from a week's visit divided between Mrs. Kelsey's mother, Mrs. A. M. Stump, at Sunnyvale, and Ivan's mother, Mrs. Edith Kelsey, at San Jose.

## CARMEL CAPERS

If, as many people deplore, Carmel, as a village, is doomed, we should pause a moment and give thought to those factors which distinguish and lend interest to village life:

First, we have the business of "going to get the mail." The implications in this phrase and of this activity are manifold and diverse.

There is the encountering of one's friends, the interchange of village news and gossip, the survey of fashions in personal attire, of constant interest here, where, in such matters, great latitude and originality are permitted; where one dresses to suit one's mood, one's activities and one's integral self rather than the arbitrary dictates of fashion.

There is, of course, always the recountings of the activities of the night before, "Jees, did we throw a party" . . . "and it was three o'clock when we got to bed" . . . "and there she was, big as life, my dear, and with that awful man again."

Then there is the village fire . . . The siren sounding deep in the night, the scurrying into any garments close at hand, the cool, starlit night, the drive down Ocean avenue, the yelling back and forth, "where's the fire?" "Thirteenth and El Camino." The arrival there, the villagers scampering about in night gowns, curlers and cold cream, the interesting speculations on strange, unsuspected bed-fellows arriving late and dishevelled at the scene.

It is not an advertisement, simply a thought that the best place in which to see a cross-section of life on the Monterey Peninsula within 24 hours would be Hermann's in Monterey.

Starting at midnight, we have the after-theater group, sensible and sober, bent on hamburgers and eight hours' sleep.

At two we have the hoteliers, young bloods, slightly high and slightly spent, both physically and financially.

At three and four, there are the belated drunks, ejected at closing time from various hotels and bars, a sorry lot who sicken slightly at the smell of food.

At five and six, come the fishermen, refreshed from heavy slumbers, clumping and determined, in huge rubber boots.

At seven and eight, appear the health fiends, the early risers, the riders-before-work, the golfers-before-breakfast and the swimmers-before-sun-up.

From nine to ten are business men's and bachelors' breakfasts, served in an atmosphere of quiet efficiency which should go far to further the blessedness of single-ness.

Ten to eleven sees a slight lull with only an occasional weary coffee-seeker who has been out too late the night before.

At noon come the Babbitts, the Rotarians, and the Brother Elks, swelling with bourgeois righteousness and small-town pomposity.

Presumably, our patient little readers get the idea and can continue unaided from this point. We're a bit weary of this whole theme.

Having with interest perused our dear editor's so generous offer of prizes for subscriptions to THE CYMBAL, and having perceived that an introduction to any of the four feminine members of the staff is among the awards, we hesitate to

presuppose the reactions of Jessie Joan, Virginia, or Lynda, but we, for one, are more than a little bitter about all those people who "phone the office to inquire about the piccolo.

We have a bore down at the office of the Carmel Press and Cymbal. Not the ordinary, domestic variety of bore, so prevalent in these parts, but an honest-to-goodness little animal, who, after having bored through the Zellerbach sample file, proceeded to bore even himself and commenced on the floor, where he has created quite a hole right under the press. Porter Halsey says he anticipates coming to work some morning and falling through.

Phil Nesbitt volunteered the interesting bit of information that he built his entire house about a very charming little Hong Kong, Canton Junk, which he picked up in China and planned to put on his mantle.

This bit of information we retailed to Virginia, who promptly retorted "that's nothing, I've often built a dress around a button." Women are always so darn biological, to quote again the master, Nesbitt.

—LIRY LEY

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## Sessink Hears His Voice Is On Record

These "Audio-Scriptions, Inc." people of New York are certainly on the job. Commercialism do move in rapid strides and in wide swathes. Andrew Sessink, for instance, gets a letter from them, and read what it says:

August 6, 1937

Mr. Andrew Sessink,  
care of Carmel Mission,  
Carmel, California.

Dear Sir:

You may be interested to know that our library has in its files the full reproduction of the "Third Annual Bach Festival" which was broadcast on July 25th, 1937, over WJZ.

The half hour program is recorded on four 12-inch aluminum records, double faced, (8 surfaces) which will play on any phonograph. Through the medium of an electrical turntable and an amplifier they can also be displayed at large gatherings.

The records contain your song, and the songs of Alice Mock, Evelyn Snow, John Daggett Howell, Grace Thomas, Ralph Linsley, and the Orchestra and Chorus.

We are writing you because we believe that you may be interested in obtaining these records for your library files, so that you may have a living memento of this exceptional broadcast.

The price of this recorded program in its entirety is \$15.00, (plus postage).

In conclusion, permit us to call your attention to our A.B.C. in the hope that we may have the pleasure of serving you, too.

Very truly yours,  
A. MORAN

Associate Manager

+

## "The Road Back" Is Coming Here

We called up the Carmel Theatre to find out whether they are going to show the film "The Road Back." They are, about the middle of next month. We think it most important that they do show this film and that we give you ample time to make up your minds to see it if you have not already done so while it was playing in Monterey this past week-end. We think it one of the finest lessons on the futility of war that we have ever read or seen. Well acted and with inspired direction, it is one of the most beautifully balanced "message" pictures to come before the eyes of the thinking public in a long time. We can think of nothing finer or more pertinent. The picture is full of comedy. It has to be. But at no time do the actors, in comedy lines, forget the tragedy which surrounds and faces them. Nor do you. James Whale, who directed "Show Boat" and "Journey's End" directed the picture which was adapted for the screen from the novel by Erich Maria Remarque who was exiled from Germany because of his book.

TELEPHONE CARMEL 167

Rentals • Sales

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Real Estate

PHILIP WILSON CORNER  
DOLORES AND OCEAN

## Brundin Tomatoes Come Among Us

E. W. Brundin of Montebello was in town last week—with a crate of tomatoes. Incidentally, he brought with him Mrs. Brundin, their three children, Clark, Robert and Cecily, and Miss Genevieve Nunner of Rochester, New York.

Perhaps it might be considered that the above-mentioned arrivals with Brundin are not mentioned in the order of their importance. That is because you don't know Brundin's tomatoes.

Brundin's tomatoes are swell tomatoes, but they have the distinction of getting into the world and becoming swell tomatoes by a sort of Caesarian Section, so to speak. In other words, they aren't born as ordinary tomatoes are born. They do not have their original being in the womb of mother earth. They don't know anything about earth, in fact. They grow and wax strong and red and luscious on ordinary chicken wire, their roots going down into nothing but water.

"Nothing but water" isn't exactly complimentary, either. There is something in that water that takes the place of what is in the earth, which they do not have. A University of California scientist discovered the earthly ingredients necessary to add to the water. By adding it you can grow a million tomatoes, or Brundin can, above water on an area about one-thousandth of a ground area necessary to grow 34,561 tomatoes. The figures are all wrong, but they're nice figures and give you the idea.

And Brundin, in his big hot houses in Montebello, down somewhere near Los Angeles, is growing them that way. Some little time ago, in the NBC broadcasting program called "From the West to You," he explained it to national radio listeners.

While in Carmel, en route to Berkeley via the coast road, Brundin presented the crate of tomatoes to Mrs. C. H. Bassett, who happens to be Mrs. Brundin's aunt. In Berkeley the Brundins and Miss Nunner will visit at the home of Mrs. Brundin's mother, Mrs. F. H. Clark.

+

Dr. and Mrs. Charles D. Gardner are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Pal H. Talbert, and her husband and daughter, Suzanne, of Los Angeles, at their home at Mission and Santa Lucia. The Gardners have just returned from a trip to Fallen Leaf Lodge at Lake Tahoe.

+

Mrs. Carr Thatcher has returned to Carmel after a month's visit with her daughter, Mrs. Denney Hogue, of Fayette, Idaho.

## TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE JOBS—\$1,800 OR \$2,000 A YEAR

Fred Strong, at the post office, has a couple of prospective jobs you might be interested in. Fred is the U. S. Civil Service head man in Carmel. Here's what he is offering now, and you can get in touch with him to learn the details:

Safety instructor, \$1,800 a year, and assistant safety instructor, \$1,620 a year, Bureau of Mines, Department of the Interior.

Instructor of weaving, \$2,000 a year, Indian Field Service (including Alaska), Department of the Interior.

+

## MADEFREY ODHNER READS "TROJAN WOMEN"

Madefrey Odhner, poet and playwright, gave the third in his series of play-readings at the San Francisco Museum of Art last night. The play was the Greek drama, "The Trojan Women," which puts us in mind of the English Club production of the play in the Greek Theater in Berkeley some years ago. It was one of those chilly, foggy nights and the chorus huddled around the center of the pit in thin draperies during the play, received donations of coats and blankets from a sympathetic audience. In the review in the *Daily Californian* the next day, they called the play "The Frozen Women."

+

In the lovely setting of the Carmel Highlands' home of Miss Emily Pitkin and Miss Lorena Ray a luncheon party was held Tuesday as a benefit for the Spanish Loyalist War Children. Funds are to go toward medical aid as well as food and clothing.

Those at the luncheon were Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James, Mrs. John O'Shea, Misses Caroline Wood, Clara and Ella Kellogg, Dene Denney, Hazel Watrous, Mrs. Jessie L. Williams, Mrs. Burton Williams, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Valentine Porter, J. C. Kellogg and family, Rowena Beans, Clara Taft, Helen Lisle, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger and Joseph Schoeninger, Jr., Celinea Wells, Mr. and

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## CLASSIFIED ADS

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### REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Three bedroom house. Large living room. Large lot. Suitable for week-ends or summer home. \$4750. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor, Ocean and Lincoln. Phone Carmel 98.

SMALL HOTEL. Near beach. Lot, 90 x 100. Address P. O. Box 1987, Carmel, for particulars.

### HOUSES TO RENT

HOW ABOUT THIS? You in a delightful bit of Carmel atmosphere (the kind that's fast fading away) for a year or more. A real, old (and yet spick and span and new as to comfort and conveniences) Carmel home of two bedrooms—in the pines, with a bird bath, and we'll leave the hunk of suet in the old oak just outside the French windows. Secluded, but only a jiffy from the post office. Less than a jiffy from, but out of sound of the best public school in California. We'll lease it—sell it, if you want, but we won't want to. Write P. O. Box 822 to see it. You'll be thrilled.

FOR RENT—Unfurnished house, 5 rooms and sleeping porch. In charming location. 3 blocks from school. Good road, Garage. Rent \$35. Address Box L-11, Cymbal Office, Carmel.

### PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

COTTAGE WANTED by permanent, quiet couple. Must have two bedrooms. Heating and automatic water heater. Will take lease on reasonable terms. Close in. Address Box L-12, Cymbal Office, Carmel.

### THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS

take care of the baby when mother wants to play bridge.

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### LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Early Monday morning. Large, handsome, grey-striped male cat on Guadalupe street. Communicate with Box 954 or telephone 220JX.

### DOGS

FOR SALE. Australian Shepherd and Scottie puppies. Pedigreed. Dr. Hammond. Telephone Monterey 8324.

(8)

### JOBS WANTED

POSITION WANTED by blond clerk whose only talent is to sit with mouth slightly agape. Lazy, useless, and thoroughly incompetent, but needs work. Has held assortment of jobs but is unable to produce any recommendations, even from friends. Address Box 132, Carmel.

EXPERT TUTORING. Wm. Thurston Brown. (Yale). With Menlo Junior College, 1923-1935. Telephone Carmel 1106-J.

### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

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TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Marion Karr.

### MASSAGE

GUARD YOUR HEALTH, increase your vitality with a European Massage. IDA HANKE, La Giralda Building, Room 7, Phone, Carmel 832.

Ritschel, Bertha Zerega, Judge Mary Bartelme, Rachel Hiller, Ruth Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. William Black and Mrs. Henry Russell.

+

Mrs. James Hooper entertained a group of 16 ladies at a luncheon party at the Mission Ranch Club on Wednesday.

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## Park Board Puts Hefty Proposals Up To Council

(Continued from Page One)

It also set forth in concise and detailed manner three proposals for the improvement of the Forest Theater property which is now the city's by virtue of a deed of gift from the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts.

The latter suggestions were received with dignity and solemn attention by the members of the council until the proposal to expend \$7,400 on the property was reached, and then Councilman Clara Kellogg led the smiles. This \$7,400 plan didn't quite get over. It looked too all-fired big.

The proposed 1938 budget as drawn up by the park commission provides for a year-round caretaker on the beach at a salary of \$100 a month, and an additional man, such as is now on the job, for three summer months at \$40 a month. As for beach improvements and maintenance, the commission puts down the figure of \$535 for the year, \$300 of this to be for the acquisition of rubbish receptacles. For the new park acquisition of the city, designated as Forest Hill Park, the commission asks for \$150 for care and maintenance.

The Forest Theater proposals are:

1. An expenditure of \$620 which would take care of complete wrecking of all structures, cleaning and piling of salvaging materials and burning and hauling of debris and cleaning grounds.

2. At a cost of \$2800. Rebuilding of entire fence, wrecking of old stage, building of new stage, without dressing rooms, installing of temporary electric wiring, remodeling of toilet rooms and general cleaning of grounds.

3. This is the \$7400 proposal. Complete wrecking of all structures, cleaning and piling of salvaging materials, burning and hauling of debris and cleaning of grounds, building new stage with dressing rooms below, building of benches, new toilet rooms, new fence and creation of recreational grounds for children.

There was considerable discussion about the plans, George Whitcomb, member of the commission, answering questions and voicing the desire of his organization to do something real and lasting with the Forest Theater property.

"If we are going to do something with it, let's do it," he said. "Or are we going to let it die? It's about all of the old Carmel we have left."

There followed Whitcomb's plea for action a general discussion about the present fence around the property. It is principally out in the street, and whether to move it back, or confiscate some of the street and let it be, appeared to be the burning question. Winsor Joselyn, representing property owners on the adjacent block, thought it wouldn't be fair to close Seventh street, encroached on now about 20 feet more or less.

As for the recommendation for immediate improvements in the tennis courts in Carmel Woods, the council seemed to think that it would do something about it. As Whitcomb explained, there is danger of losing part of the floor of one of the courts unless a rock wall is run along the south side. It is also necessary, the park commission feels, and in this the council concurs, that toilets be installed.

As a result of the communication from the commission and the explanations from Whitcomb, the council will meet with the members of the commission next Wednesday night prior to its regular meeting.

## "Lady of Santa Lucias" Begs Lynda To Rescue Her—And Lynda Does

Following with interest the correspondence of Una Jeffers and members of the Shields family regarding the picture of Elizabeth Duncan Shields which Una found in a derelict shack at the old lime kilns up Bixby Creek, we took a day off recently and paid a call.

Great grandmother Shields received us in her long-abandoned back yard, to tell the truth, and the indolent lizard yawns in any presence. But the astonishing beauty of Elizabeth Duncan Shields stood favorably in the frame of the sun-struck Santa Lucias at high noon as she leaned against a sturdy stanchion that once supported the cable over which ran the tram which is supposed to have taken her up Bixby Creek in the early part of this century. Regal and serene, her jabot pinned neatly with its gemmed brooch, she gave us interview while we ate our sandwiches and drank a can of beer.

It is difficult to repeat just what she said the other day. Having been born well over a century ago in Vermont and having raised her family in God and pioneer Ohio and having, then, for one whole generation had concourse only with the tall redwoods at her door and the great shadows over Mescal Ridge and Mt. Carmel, her speech was of imponderables and more eloquent than most.

The amazing thing to us was that we got on so marvelously with her. You might have thought, you know, that in her Presbyterian soul, she would have minded our shorts, our can of beer. But, no. Her wide eyes and her tolerant mouth, with its just and faintly humorous turn, took us in with the rest of the landscape indifferently as is the great lesson of wisdom.

So you can see how startled we were to hear her speak quite clearly to us in the silence:

"Would you mind taking me home with you?"

Now we can say honestly that we have seldom been more surprised. We'd carted a notebook and a walking stick and two brand new pencils newly sharpened four miles upstream as it was. And those four miles are no mean stretch of dirt, to say nothing of water.

"You see," her gentle but awfully firm voice went on, "I'm lonely here. That hill up there is much too old a companion for a young woman like myself. And just this time of year he always gets that bald look and tries to cover it up with that old dust cap thing he wears, made up of scraps of stunted pine."

We took a look at the old fellow and saw just what she meant. And more. A gay old dog he looked, all decked out in the sun and enough to try any respectable woman's patience with his ancient jauntiness.

"And the winters." Great grandmother Shields permitted herself, and us, a shudder. "Another winter here and I'm like to be ruined altogether. Packrats aren't the gayest company, you know."

We were really thinking of those places on the way downstream where you have to creep perilously along the face of ledges and of how we'd just paid Mr. Spencer a dollar and eighty-nine cents for the notebook and of how great grandmother Shields was just that awkward size to carry—31 by 27, to be exact. Grand larceny flitted through our mind, also.

But Elizabeth Duncan Shields could at no time in the last 116 years have been anybody's fool. We bet she was one of those babies, back in Burlington, Vermont, that began saying "Ohio" over and over again just at nursing time when her

mother was most susceptible. To us, she merely sighed and murmured, "What jolly clothes you women wear nowadays."

So, notebook, stick, pencils under one arm, and penitentiary in our mind, we buried the last remnant of our lunch and conscience—leaving the lizards one of Earl Grafft's pickles—and started out to trek great grandmother Shields back down the canyon.

The pencils went first. It was one of those moments when, for no good reason at all, you make a slip. Our slip landed us without compromise, sitting on the bottom of Mill Creek. Matter of fact, it felt good enough, because toting great grandmother was a warmish business at best and the water gracious and cool. We sat for a moment ruminatively in the pond, holding Elizabeth Duncan aloft and watching the new pencils take their erratic course downstream. The water was speckled with a strange and eucharistic blue and we two felt imperturbably content just then.

The moment went whizzing away as suddenly as the bullet that passed not too far over our heads. We had forgotten the deer season all that day, and someone had taken us undoubtedly for the stag at eve. Retrieving ourself and Elizabeth carefully from ablution of bath and bullet, we resumed our way, singing at the top of our bent. Thus assuring ourself of not being killed accidentally, at least.

Thus passing along the wold, we came to that fell spot where it was necessary to establish such balance as would permit us to negotiate a three-inch shelf along a twenty-foot ledge. On this assignment we'd made six feet or so when that neat and unmistakable zinging sound smote us and just ahead on a slight promontory of the rock, was a young rattlesnake.

There was not much to do. Grasping great grandmother greedily in our right hand, we made a swipe with our stick and swope the snake into the crick. Also the \$1.89 notebook.

By this time it began to seep into our beastly old New England conscience that the Rape of the Lime Kilns had perhaps been injudicious to say the least of it. We wondered what Una Jeffers would say and whether Margaret Jeanette Shields in Columbus, Ohio, would really believe our story about her mother making this odd request of us. But we are not one to turn back because if we had we'd never have reached the mouth of the canyon by dark.

The next episode established what we like to think of—that is, when we can bear to think of it at all—as a blood relationship with Elizabeth Duncan Shields. This time it was the gaunt white face of a harmless old bull coming suddenly out of a bush that made us misstep on a patch of shale and slide ten feet on some irritable object that left a certain portion of us ruddied with blood for hours. Even through this, and losing our walking stick, we managed somehow to keep The Lady of the Santa Lucias upright. Perhaps, who knows, rectitude is its own reward.

But now we had come to the place where the trail broadens and the hazards fall away. And sitting down on the cooling redwood needled path and leaning the picture against the butt of an old tree that was overgrown with fairy fingerings of moss, we felt that sudden joy that is confirmable only in the spirit and was then in the speaking voice of this woman now long dead. With us she seemed to feel the muting sun come beautifying down

the leafways; the quietening of recalcitrant waters; the lovely end of a lovely day.

And resting there and watching her, we knew why she had been ours to begin with. For the same quality is in her face that our Mother had in hers; the same purity; the very grace.

If someone wants her—and can show claim to her—more than we do, let him speak now or forever hold his peace. Perhaps to some our action seems a piece of wilful vandalism. Simply, we fell in love with her at once, and in some strange way—how odd our immortalities are!—she is alive and contented here.

And she contents us so!

—LYNDA SARGENT

(Lynda offers to bring "The Lady of the Santa Lucias" to THE CYMBAL office if you would care to see her. Let us know.—Ed.)

+ + +

The St. James Repertory Company was entertained at Tilly Polak's studio last Saturday night after the performance of "Kind Lady" at the Green Room. An informal party and refreshments were enjoyed by the group and several others.



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